

The Washington Times Magazine Page

THE INSIDE OF THE CUP

A Story of Love and Spiritual Uplift by
WINSTON CHURCHILL

Lady Astor Scolds Women For Their Lack of Loyalty

By EARLE C. REEVES,
International News Service Staff
Correspondent.

LONDON, Dec. 1.—Lady Astor, who has a frank way of revealing her innermost thought and opinions almost equal to that of the much-discussed and not a little maligned Lady Asquith, is reading a few sermons to her own sex.

"I think the experience of my wife, Lady Astor, seems able to be distressingly frank in her remarks and criticisms without rousing stormy criticism."

Thus runs her latest:

"If I had not been so busy at the time with a large family I would have been out demonstrating with the suffragettes."

"But now that we have achieved our purpose what do we find?"

"I am glad that most of my time, and engaged in trying to do something for the benefit of womankind, only to be met with the most depressing apathy on their part. They will do very little for themselves."

on the part of one to sell as many dresses or hats as possible, on the part of the other, to secure as many as possible. The fashions served women in so far as they were dependent upon men, as pretexts for exacting more dresses, hats and what not than they could otherwise have plausibly claimed. In proportion as the women really become independent, the common bond between them and the inventor of new fashions will diminish, and that which has hitherto been only a tyranny exercised over men can be maintained only in so far as it remains a tyranny voluntarily submitted to by women."

Somewhere this issue doesn't seem to be particularly clarified by the Chronicle's very learned analysis, after all.

BOOKS

GIL VIRGINIA. By Helen Searns. Grafton, Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co. 1920.

For girls from 9 to 14. It's all about a little girl named Virginia, who thinks her name "too grandly awful" and usually shortens it to Jinks, except when she has been in scrapes. Somehow that happens pretty often with Jinks and the neighborhood is divided between laughing at her and wondering what she will do next. When the biggest scrap of all came along Mrs. Wetherby was there to help straighten things out—and that's mainly what the story's about.

MARGERY MORRIS AND PLAIN JANE. By Violet Gordon Gray. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co. 1920.

The girls from ten to fifteen. This is the story of the "Margery" books. Margery meets Jane, a very shy, introspective girl, at a summer resort and becomes very fond of her. Most of the young people don't like Margery, but Margery finds out how to get on with them. Her friendship with Jane helps her to see her own life and people, and becomes an altogether charming young person. A tragedy, near the end of the season, although bringing sorrow to all, helps in righting Jane's affairs.

CONSPIRACY ON STYLES. The Daily Chronicle jumps right into the fray with an editorial presumed to be in support of the Lady M. P.

"The fact of the matter surely is that changes of fashions in women's dress have been due to a kind of conspiracy between the fashion-shops on the one hand and women on the other," says the Chronicle. "Both have had a common interest."

This Day in History. This is the anniversary of the fighting of Baltimore by sea, in 1816, a notable event, as it was the first city so fought in the United States. The example was speedily followed by other municipalities throughout the country.



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The Need of Good Food

By Brice Belden, M. D.

WE all know the importance of food in connection with our general well-being, but we do not so often stop to consider just how important a part is played for good or evil by the process through which that food goes in our kitchens.

Even when food is selected with the greatest care as to quality, and the daily menu planned according to a scientific balance of proteins and carbohydrates, the good work may be thoroughly undone in the process of cooking.

The method of innocently destroying food is best illustrated in the widespread habit of overcooking meats, converting them, as one exasperated medical man has said, into modified rawhide.

Overcooking of meat removes the valuable and nutritious juices and leaves little but the solid portion, tender enough, but by that time quite useless as a food.

Another insult to the human digestive machinery is soggy bread and cake, while the preparation of foods saturated with grease is the most frequently committed of culinary crimes.

These atrocities, together with such and such desserts and too highly seasoned foods, go to make meals which are impossible for the average normal stomach to digest.

POOR DIET DEADLY. Poor cooking has been blamed for drunkenness.

According to this theory, the victim turns to alcohol for a temporary soothing of the nervous system of a jaded stomach. The various other drug habits, including tobacco, tea and coffee, are very probably fostered by the craving which arises as the natural result of auto-intoxication.

Our life is sufficiently artificial without the addition of poorly cooked food. It is not the occasional orgy which affects man so adversely; it is the steady tax of a consistently poor diet that wears away the system.

NOW THAT THERE IS A PRACTICAL DEVICE TO SEND A PICTURE BY TELEGRAPH—



IS MARRIAGE A SUCCESS?

A. C. S. COMES BACK.

In answer to S. B. L., who thinks girls of today lazy and selfish here's to her thirteen and may she have thirteen more if she likes. And to Mrs. J. A., who advises that I jump in the river, I advise her to look up the records of married women who have already jumped in and take particular notice of how many little ones they left behind.

In my estimation marriage is a success from many angles, with children and without. In regard to those who would like to know what "friend husband" has to say they may rest assured that our home is run on a fifty-fifty basis. We try to please each other—to make our marriage a success.

I should dearly love to shake hands with H. H. L., who has made a success of married life for twenty years without children, which is a good example.

Many, many more successful years to them.

A. C. S.

WOMEN AFRAID OF LOSING SHAPE.

Between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-one, I conceived the idea of having a home, brought on by reading several articles that dwell on the old familiar rose-covered cottage, a bright-cheeked, brown-haired lass, one whom you could love, cherish and adore, soft lights, baby on your knee and—well you know. I found her and believe me

What Makes a Smart Gown?

By Rita Stuyvesant.

IT is a well known fact that the final touches of trimming make a gown from the artistic viewpoint, and also from the commercial. That is perhaps why the so-called "finisher" at the Fifth Avenue modiste shops can command almost any salary he chooses.

But the little work-day girl who cannot afford the gown on display in some of the palaces of fashionable art can, with a little ingenuity, convert an otherwise simple model into a thing of real beauty, provided she makes a careful study of just how to do it.

In one shop I saw a gown of lustrous black charmeuse, with not a hint of trimming, and to make up for this defect the price was very low. It was a model for material and the manufacturer had left it barren of the lavish embroidery being used this fall, so that the material would stand out in the eyes of the shop proprietor before he purchased the finished gown.

Here then was the foundation for a gown that could be converted into one that would sell for a startling figure. I eyed its lines and numerous suggestions passed through my mind.

A brilliant green georgette belt with tabs down the back ending in thick jet bead tassels would be just the touch for the demure blonde girl fortunate enough to pick up such a bargain and trim it herself. Or, for the dusky brunette type, the suggestion of a similar sash in henna-colored georgette with dull blue jet tassels came to my mind. A narrow piping of the sash material outlining neckline and arm holes would give the touch for which so many women are willing to pay more than double the price of the foundation gown.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Write frankly, briefly, and truthfully your views on the problem, "Is Marriage a Success?" If you think it not altogether a success, do not fail to suggest what you think is the remedy, WHAT is the trouble, and what could be done. Write in your opinions, experiences, and suggestions. Write frankly and fearlessly—your confidence will be respected. No names of writers published except with the writer's consent. Use only one side of the paper.

Address your contributions to
MARRIAGE EDITOR,
The Washington Times,
Washington, D. C.

she was some lass. We both believed that we should not allow our lives to become monotonous and I'll say right here that we ran true to form. We came to a clench slowly at first but after we had got started—great smoke. Well I stuck it out about seven years (for I was a glutton for punishment) until the war broke out, when I broke training and was off with the first for France. I left everything I possessed to my fair sparring partner (she was never anything else to me) which provided her with a comfortable income without effort for her part. It took me some time to get back to normal, but man alive, I was free, FREE. I never returned to my rose-covered cottage and single bed and never will. My wife receives from me more than \$100 monthly and I work hard for it and I am happy—happy if she only lets me alone. My close friends, six of them, all married, seeing how happy my marriage turned out, confide in me from time to time. Of the six four are childless—unwillingly, and the poor fish have their troubles, for many a time I read "disaster" in their morning faces.

The trouble, Mr. Editor, can be found between the lines in the above colorful experience, which I assure you is true. The middle class girl of today (the class upon which it is that the world mainly depends) generally speaking is willing to have the plain gold circle slipped on her finger, but in the majority of cases, there is where her willingness stops, insofar as married obligations—yes O-R-L-I-G-A-T-I-O-N-S—are concerned. They do not wish to surrender their independence, spoil their shape by having children or assume the attendant cares.

Let us meet this issue face to face. Why does the average, earnest, healthy man marry? To have someone prepare his meals

and make his bed? No. He can buy those services. He marries for home, love, children—all these go together for the success of married life, each one a part of the other and essential to the happiness of a wedded life. A man seldom marries unless he wants these very things (The poor fish).

I know of no remedy, that is, none that could be applied. It would mean to break away from our dull civilization. We would cut away the false modesty—teach health and care of the body and enforce these teachings. Teach the things in plain English, break down the veil of sex mystery. You will find no diseased minds in clean and healthy bodies. Shake off this cold reserve that is creeping over the American people. Forget our now nervous poker face and

A Daily Recipe

DEVILED SALMON.

Flake one pound of boiled salmon, dust it with a teaspoonful of salt and a little cayenne, Rub to a paste the hard-boiled yolks of three eggs. Rub together a level tablespoonful of butter and one of flour, add a half-pint (one cupful) of milk, stir until boiling, and add this gradually to the mashed hard-boiled yolks, adding a tablespoonful of chopped parsley and the salmon flakes. Stir carefully, without breaking the flakes. Place in ramekins or individual casseroles, moisten dust lightly with bread crumbs, and brown in a quick oven.

The Mother in Us

Mother instinct will not be denied. It is one of the vital forces of the world. Without it this universe would be a sorry place in which to live. The maternal spirit or instinct begins its development early in the smallest child, tenderly cradling and hugging her doll to her breast. It grows in intensity and desire with years and reaches its height in full womanhood. It is matrimony's drawing card for woman. It may also be a drawing card for the nursing profession. Every woman possesses more or less of it. It gets her one way or the other.

Every single woman, if she will, but confess it, carries an ache in her heart because of it. Every married woman who is so unfortunate as not to have children, or is so selfish that she does not want any, carries an aching heart, or a restless craving which, perhaps, she has never been able to analyze.

The first class, perhaps, will think of adopting a child, the second class will turn to dogs and cats.

It has hit Mrs. G. McKen, of Pinto, Md., who writes:

"I saw in the Evening Times where there was a little baby for adoption. Now, as I have been married for nine years and have no children I would like very much to adopt a child."

"My husband and I are running a store at Short Gap, Va. We both love children and we both feel as though we are able to take a child. Now, if you will please answer this at once and let us know whether the baby is still for adoption we will be able to explain more and will come to see you. Now, please, let me hear from you at once. Yours truly, MR. and MRS. G. MCKEN."

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Angel Cake
1 cup sugar
1/4 cup flour
1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
3/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup scalded milk
1 teaspoon almond or vanilla extract
Whites of 3 eggs

Mix and sift first five ingredients four times. Add milk, vanilla and salt. Beat until light. Turn into ungreased angel cake tin and bake in very slow oven about 45 minutes. Remove from oven; invert pan and allow to stand until cool. Cover top and sides with either white or chocolate icing.

Sunshine Cake
3 tablespoons shortening
1/2 cup sugar
Yolks of 3 eggs
1 teaspoon flavoring extract
1/4 cup milk
1/4 cup flour
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

Cream shortening; add sugar gradually, and yolks of eggs which have been beaten until thick. Add flavoring; sift together flour and baking powder and add alternately, a little at a time, with the milk to first mixture. Bake in greased loaf pan in moderate oven 35 to 45 minutes. Cover with white icing.

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